HOUGHT.

7 P.M.

omfield.

LAGHER

LAND-

ART.

lies,

French

Best

ters

ry,

DRK.

S,

to 5

then the King, or I?

then the palace gate
the morn's bright, scorn-

them, in subtle mockery,
the window where I wait
the w

the man of the art the King, not I.

LITERARY NOTES.

THABATTERISTICS OF SOME AMERICAN

JAMES HAWTHORNE—is an athlete and a sportsman, fond of long walks and at lears. He talks in low tones, both an and off the lyceum platform. His manners," says the Portland Transcript. "are privatel and reserved, without shyness or affectation. He is about two feet eleven inches high, and weighs about one hundred and seventy five pounds. His friends say that he can prepare more 'copy' and feel less tired over it than any other American author."

"Gall Hamilton" - Miss Abigail Dodge is described as quite tall, with a very good figure, but not a very pretty face. "In repose," says the Boston Traveller, "she has rather a frigid look, but when in conversation her face lights up with an intelligent smile that is pleasing and inviting. She is usually very talkative and familiar; and when an idea strikes her the seems to hesitate a moment, squint her eves slightly as if compressing the thought into the briefest and choicest language. Some ladies call her 'queer. She is no more so than a middle-aged lady of a literary turn of mind ought to be, to give her individuality."

LICY LARCOM—the authoress, "re sides," says the Boston Transcript. "at Beverly, Mass., and is reported by visitors as being as kind and agreeable to strangers as to her most intimate friends. Writing a few days since to a young admirer in Brooklyn whose birthday oc urred on the same day as her own, she said: 'My own birthday is also to-day. But I do not state the vear because I do not like to see it "paragraphed," and because I do not care to see it celebrated. From fifty to sixty one's birthdays are not so romantic as at seventeen; although some French writer kindly calls these years that I am passing through, "the youth of old age." . "

Mr. E. W. Howe, the author of "A Story at a Country Town," and "The Mystery of The Locks," is still a very young man, although editor and pro prictor of a very successful newspaper at Topeka, Kansas. / He has a pleasant face, unadorned by either moustache or beard, and has very strong and determined features closely resembling, in general appearance, Mr. John McCullugh, the actor. His family outsists of a wife and two beautiful children of whom he is very fond. He is very much averse to literary work, because, being compelled to perform it in the evening after his editorial dates during the day, it renders him nervous and frequently results in sleepless nights. He is not satisfied with either of his two novels, because, as he himself writes, "I feel that I never had a fair chance, and am sure I could do better work had I more leisure." Both of his two works were written the times at home, and only at long interrupted intervals. "It is this fact of writing only at night, I think," writes Mr. Howe, "which makes my stories somewhat sad, since I have har felt ambitious nor encouraged in the life after dark." The novelist waites a complicated, running hand, and entirely ignores the lines of the paper on which he writes.

WALT WHITMAN'S STYLE "It is a hand of disloyalty to nature," says J. hu Burrows, "to say Whitman has To firm. He has not form as a house, or a shield or a heart or a molder's pattern, or a sonnet of Hood's, or a dain-15 let of verse by Longfellow has form, but has form as a tree, a river, the clouds, a cataract a flash of lightning, wital and progressive thing has form and this is all the form he aims The truth is, sweet poets, elegant learned, correct, beautiful poets, the not rare, in our age, but powerful into parts who can confront and com-In the gigantic materialism of our thin sand land, and who by dint of inhatre force can rise above the 1 other and literary consciousness with which the very atnosphere is rotten, on rare, and it seems are misunderat when they come. The trouble with Whitman is he gives us somemere and better than mere literand the main influence of pages is in the direction health, manly activity, and can never be to beget a critical, sophisticated, or over-intellectual race, which is the tendency of literary culture as

Mark Twain.—"The mother of Mark Twain, who is," says the N. Y. Ecening Post, "eighty-two years of age, and living at Keokuk, Iowa, has recently been interviewed: 'Sam was always a good hearted boy,' said Mrs. Clemens, 'but he was a very wild and mischievous one, and, do what we would, we could hever make him go to school. This used to trouble his father and me dreadfully, and we were convinced that he would never amount to as much in the world as his brothers, because he was not near so steady and sober-minded as they were.' 'I suppose Mrs. Clemens, that means the suppose Mrs. Clemens, the suppose Mrs. Clemens the

suppose, Mrs. Clemens, that your son in his boyhood days somewhat resembled his own Tom Sawyer, and that a fellow-feeling is what made him so kind to the many hair-breadth escapades of that celebrated youth? 'Ah, no,' replied the old lady with a merry twinkle in her eye, 'he was more like Huckleberry Finn than Tom Sawyer. Often his father would start him off to school, and in a little while would follow him to ascertain his whereabouts. There was a large stump on the way to the school-house and Sam would take his position behind that, and as his father went past would gradually circle around it in such a way as to keep out of sight. Finally his father and the teacher both said it was of no use to try to toach Sam any thing, because he was determined not to learn. But I never gave up. He was always a great boy for history, and could never get tired of that kind of reading, but he hadn't any use for school-houses and text-books." .

George Lunt.—The literary career of the late George Lunt was unusually prolonged. Born at Newburyport, Mass., in 1803, his childhood was passed in the midst of that quaint life of which he has left so characteristic a picture in his volume, "Old New-England Traits." His first volume of poems was published in 1828; his latest, containing many new lyrics, in 1884. Between these came a number of volumes - "Age of Gold," "Lunt's Poems," "Lyrics," "Julia," "The Origin of the Late War," "Eastford, or Household Sketches," with many contributions to periodical literature and to the daily press. In 1832 the town of Newbury celebrated its 200th anniversary. Mr. Lunt's song for that

Over the mountain wave, See where they come,

was set to music, and is found in many collections. In June was held the 250th anniversary, for which Mr. Lunt was again asked to write a poem. This he did about a fortnight before his death, and this, his last literary work, was read on that occasion. On the death of a young Massachusetts officer, during the war, he wrote the exquisite lyric,

Breathe, trumpets, breathe,
Slow notes of saddest wailing,
also set to music, and often sung in
public at that time. At his funeral,
in St. Paul's Church, Boston, was
sung one of his own hymns,

In time of need to Thee I cry, and at his burial, in Newburyport, one which he wrote for the dedication of the cemetery there in 1824. From 1857 to 1865 Mr. Lunt was the editor of the Boston Courier.

EMERSON-"was at home in Con-

cord," says the critic of Holmes' "Emerson," in the Atlantic Monthly. Anywhere else he was a stranger. Even Boston was a place to visit, though he gave that city an affection which is embodied in some noble verses. The occasional glimpses which Dr. Holmes gives of the poet on his travels in his own country serve to deepen the impression which one forms of the purely spectacular shape of the country in Mr. Emerson's vision. He was not indifferent to the struggles going on, and yet they were rather disturbances to his spirit than signs of a life which quickened his own pulse. To some minds this may seem to lift Emerson above other men. In our judgment it separates him from them, to his own loss. It is precisely this passion of nationality which differentiates other seers and poets from Emerson. Milton had it. Carlyle had it. Tennyson has it. Victor Hugo had it. Goethe did not have it. The absence of this passion is indeed the sign of an inferior ethical apprehension. At any rate, the passion of country is never very far removed from the passion of righteousness. The cry over Jerusalem was the last echo of those prophetic voices which make Israel and Israel's God to be

Love is never lost; if not reciprocated it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.

time to distribute his country."

joined by closer than human ties.

When one collects his God from ethnic

fragments he is very apt at the same

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Colled Back," "Dark Days,"

[TOLD BY PHILIP BRAND, M. D. LONDON.]

LD ST PHILAP BRAND, AL D. 12

PART THE PIRST.

CHAPTER L

I wish I had the courage to begin this tale by turn no to my profess onal yesting books, and taking at random any month out of the last swenty years, g.v. its rec of as a fair sample of my ordinary work. The dismal extract would tell you what a doctor's-I surpose I may say a successful thector's lot is, when his practice le in a por and densely populated district of London. Dreary as such a beginning might be it would perhap allay some of the meredulity which this to e may probably provide, as it would plannly show your little room there is for things ima marker roma to in work to hard as mine, or among such gram genitties of poverty, pain and grief in those by which I have been rounded, it would certainly make i a year extremely unlikely that I should have found time to imagine, much les to write, a romance or melo-

The truth is that when a man has tooled from 9 of locs in the morning until 9 of lock at night, such besure as he can enjoy is precious to a man a pecially when even that short respite is liable to be broken in up in at any moment.

Soil, in spote of the doleful picture I have drawn of want may be called the unity

grind," I began this tale with the account of

in the antumn of 1864 I turned my book with right good will upon London streets, he spitals and patients, and took my sent in the North express. The first revolution of the wheels sent a thrill of delight through my jaded frame. A joyful sensation of freedom came over me. I had really got away at last! Moreover, I had left no



I had really got away at last.

address behind me, so for three blessed weeks might roam an undisputed lord of myself. Three weeks were not very many to take out of the fifty-two, but they were all I could venture to give myself; for even at that time my practice, if not so lucrative as I could wish, was a large and increasing one. Having done a twelve-month's hard work, I felt that no one in the kingdom could take his holiday with a conscance clearer than mine, so I lay back in a peculiarly contented frame of mind, and discounted the coming pleasures of my brief respite from labor.

There are many ways of passing a holiday -many places at which it may be spent but, after all, if you wish to thoroughly enjo; it, there is but one royal rule to be followed. That is, simply to please yourselfgo where you like and mount the innocent holiday hobby which is dearest to your heart, let its name be botany, geology, entomology, conchology, venery, piscation, or what not. Then you shall be happy, and return well braced up for the battle of life. I knew a city clerk with literary tastes who invariably spent his annual fortnight among the mustiest tomes of the British museum, and averred that his health was more benefited by so doing than if he had passed the time inhaling the freshest sea breezes. dare say he was right in his assertion.

Sketching has always been my favor te holiday pursuit. Poor as my drawings may be, nevertheless, as I turn them over it my portfolo, they bring, to me at least, vivid remembrances of many sweet and picturesque spots, happy days, and congenial companions. It is not for me to say anything of their actual merits, but they are dear to me

This particular year I went to North Wales and made Bettws y Coed my headquarters. I stayed at the Royal Oak, that well-known little inn, dear to many an artist's heart, and teeming with reminiscences of famous men who have sojourned there times without number. It was here I made the acquaintance of the man with whose life the curious events I am going to narrage are connected. On the first day after my arrival at Bettws my appreciation of my liberty was so thorough, my appetite for the enjoyment of the beauties of nature so keen and insatiable, that I went so far and saw so much, that when I returned to the Royal Oak night had fallen and the hour of dinner had long passed by. I was, when my own meal was placed on the table, the only occupant of the coffee-room. Just then a young man entered and ordered something to eat. The waiter knowing, no doubt, something of the frank camaraderie which exists, or should exist, between the followers of Melpomene, laid his cover at my table. The newcomer scated himself, gave me a pleasant smile and a nod,

and in five min . tes we were in full swing of The moment my eyes fell upon the young he was. Charles Carriston-for this I tound afterward to be his name-was about 22 years of age. He was talk, but slightly built, his whole bearing and figure being remarkably elegant and graceful. He looked even more than gentlemanly-he loo..ed distinguished. His face was pale, its features well dut! straight and regular. His forebead spoke of high intellectual qualities, and there was somewhat of that development over the eyebrows which phrenologist. I believe, consider as evidence of the possession of imagination. The general expres ion of his face was one of seriousness, if no sadness, and its refined beauty was heig tened by a pair of soft, dark, dreamy-looking

eyes.

It only remains to add that, from his attire, I judged him to be an artist—a professional artist—to the backbone. In the course of conversation I showel him how I had classified him. He smiled.

had class fied him. He smiled.
"I am only an amateur," he said; "an idle man, nothing more—and you?"
"Alas! I am a doctor."
"Then we shall not have to answer for our

wants were satisfied by the good fare placed before us. Then came that pleasant craving for tobacco which, after a good meal, is

natural to a well-regulated digestion.

"Shall we go and smoke outside?" said Carriston. "The night is delicious."

We went out and sat on one of the wooden benches. As my new friend said, the night was delicious. There was scarcely a breath of air moving. The stars and the moon shone brightly, and the rush of the not far-distant stream came to us with a soothing murmur. Near us were three or four joyial young artists. They were in merry mool; one of them had that day sold a picture to a tourist. We listened to their banter, until, most likely growing thirsty, they reentered the inn.

entered the inn.

Carriston had said little since we had been out of doors. He smoked his cigar placidly and gazed up at the skies. With the white

moonlight falling on his strikingly beautiful face—the graceful pose into which he fell—he seemed to me the embodiment of postry. He paid no head to the merry talk of the artists, which so much amused me—indeed,

Yet he must have done so, for as soon as they left us he same out of his reverie.

"It must be very nice," he said, " to have to make one's living by art."

"Nice for those who can make livings by it," I answered.

"All can do that who are worth it. The day of neglected genius is gone by. Muller was the last sufferer, I think—and he died young."

"If you are so sanguine, why not try your

"I would, but unfortunately I am a rich

I laughed at this misplace! regret. Then Carriston, in the most simple way, told me a good deal about himself. He was an orphan, an only child. He had already ample means; but Fortune had still favors in store for him. At the death of his uncle, now an aged man, he must succeed to a large estate and a haronetcy. The natural, unaffected way in which he made these confidences, moreover made them not, I knew, from any wish to increase his importance in my eves. greatly impressed me. By the time we parted for the night I had grown much interested in my new acquaintance an in erest not untinged by envy. Young, handsome, rich, free to come or go, work or play as he Lated! Happy Carriston!

CHAPTER IL

I am disposed to think that never before did a sincere friendship, one which was fated to last unbroken for years, ripen so quickly as that between Carriston and myself. As I now look back I find it hard to associate him with any, even a brief, period of time subsequent to our meeting during who a he was not my bosom friend. I forget whether our meeting at the same picuresque spot on the morning which followed our self-introduction was the result of accident or arrangement. Anyway, we pent the day together, and that day was the precursor of many passed in each other's society. Merning after morning we sallied forth to do our best to transfer the same bits of scenery to our sketching blocks. Evening after evening we returned to dine side by side, and afterward to talk and smoke together, in-doors or out doors, as the temperature advised or our wishes inclined. Great friends we soon became-inseparable as long as my short holiday lasted. It was, perla p., pleasant for each to work in company with an amateur like himself. We could ask each the other's opinion of the merits of the work done, and feel happy at the approval duly given. An artist's stand-

You feel that such commendation damns it an! disheartens vou. However, had Carriston cared to do so, he might. I think, have fearlessly submitted his reductions to any conscientious critichis drawings were immeasurably more artistic and powerful than mine. He had undoubtedly great talent, and I was much surpri ed to find that good as he was at landscape, he was even better at the figure. He could, with a firm, bold hand, draw rapilly the most marvelous likenesses. So spirited and true were some of the studies he showed me, that I could without flattery advise h.m. provi ed he could finish as he began, to keep entirely to the higher branch of the art. I have now before me a series of outline faces drawn by him-many of them from memory; and as I look at them the original of

ard of excellence is too high for a non-pro-

praises it but as the work of an outsider.

each comes at once before my eyes. From the very first I had been much interested in the young man, and as day by day went by and the peculiarities of his character were revealed to me, my interest grew deeper and deeper. I flatter myself hat I am a keen observer and skillful analyst of personal character, and until now fancied that to write a description of its component parts was an easy matter. Yet now when I am put to the proof I find it no simple task to convey in words a proper idea of Charles Carriston's mental organization. I soen discovered that he was, I may say, afflicted by a peculiarly sensitive nature. Although strong, and apparently in good health, the very changes of the weather seemed to affect him almost to the same extent as they affect a flower. Sweet as his disposition always was, the tone of his mind, his spirits, his conversation, varied, as it

disposition always was, the tone of his mind, his spirits, his conversation, varied, as it were, with the atmosphere. He was full of imagination, and that imagination, always rich, was at times weird, even grotesquely weird. Not for one moment did he seem to doubt the stability of the wild theories he started, or the possibility of the poetical dreams he dreamed being realized. He had his faults, of course; he was hasty and impulsive; indeed, to me one of the greatest charms about the boy was that, right or wrong, each word he spoke came straight from his heart.

So far as I could judge, the whole organization of his mind was too highly strung, too finely wrought, for every-day use. A note of joy, of sorrow, even of pity, vibrated through it too strongly for his comfort or well-being. As yet it had not been called upon to bear the test of love; and fortunately-I use the word advisedly-fortunately he was not, according to the usual significance of the word, a religious man, or I should have thought it not unlikely that some day he would fall a victim to that rehgious mania so well known to my professional brethren, and have developed hysteria or melancholia. He might even have fancied himself a messenger sent from heaven for the regeneration of mankind. From natures like Carriston's are prophets made.

the regeneration of mankind. From natures like Carriston's are prophets made.

In short, I may say that my exhaustive study of my new friend's character resulted in a certain amount of uneasiness as to his future—an uneasiness not entirely free from professional curiosity.

Although the smile came readily and frequently to his lips, the general bent of his disposition was sad, even despondent and morbid. And yet few young men's lives promised to be so pleasant as Charles Carriston's.

I was rallying nim one day on his future ran't and its responsibilities.

"You will, of course, be disgustingly

carriston sighed. "Yes, if I live long enough; but I don't suppose I shall."
"Why in the world shouldn't you? You look pale and thin, but are in capital health. Twelve long miles we have walked to-day—you never turned a hair."

Carriston made no reply. He seemed in deep thought.
"Your friends ought to look after you and

"I have no friends," he said sadly. "No nearer relation than a cousin a good deal older than I am, who looks upon me as one who was born to rob him of what sheuld be his."

"But by the law of primogeniture, so sacred to the upper ten thousand, he must know you are entitled to it."

"Yes: but for years and years I was al-

ways going to dfe. My life was not thought worth six months' purchase. All of a sudden 1 got well. Ever since then I have seemed, even to myself, a kind of interloper."

"It must be unpleasant to have a man longing for one's death. All the more rea-

son you should marry and put other lives

between him and the title." "I fancy I shall never marry," said Carriston, looking at me with his soft, dark eyes. "You see, a boy who has waited for years expecting to die doesn't grow up with exactly the same feeling as other people. I don t think I shall ever meet a woman I can care for enough to make my wife. No: I expect my cousin will be Sir Ralph yet." I tried to laugh him out of his morbid ideas. "Those who live will see," I said. "Only promise to ask me to your wedding, and better still, if you live in town, appoint me your family doctor. It may prove the nucleus of that West End practice which it is the dream of every doctor to establish." I have already alluded to the strange beauty of 'arriston's dark eyes. As soon as companionship commenced between us those eyes became to me, from scientific reasons, objects of curiosity on account of the mysterious expression which at times I detected in them. Often and often they wore a look the like to which, I imagine, is found only in the eyes of a somnambulist—look which one feels certain is intently fixed upon something, yet upon something beyond the range of one's own vision. During the first two or three days of our new-born intently fixed which is answer was:

"You doctors body, know as did three thousa When the time times I footed to be dispersion.

timety I found this eccentricity of Carriston's positively startling. When now and then I turned to him and found him staring with all his might at nothing, my eyes were compelled to follow the direction in which his own were bent. It was at first impossible to divest one's self of the belief that something should be there to justify so fixed a gaze. However, as the rapid growth of our friendly intercourse soon showed me that he was a boy of most ardent poetic temp-rament—perhaps even more a poet than an artist—I laid at the door of the Muse these absent looks and re-

curring flights into vacancy. We were at the Fairy Glen one morning, shetching, to the best of our ability, the swirling stream, the gray rocks and the overhangin; trees, the last just growing bril-hant with autumnal tints. So beautiful was everything around that for a long time I worksi, idled, or dramed in contented dence. Carriston had set up his easel at turned to see how his sketch was progressing.

He had evidently fallen into one of his brown studies, and, apparently, a harder one than usual. His brush had fallen from his fingers, his features were immovable, and his strange dark eyes were absolutely riveted upon a large rock in front of him, at which he gazed as intently as if his hope of beaven depended upon seeing through it. He seemed for the while oblivious to things mundane. A party of laughing, chattering, terrible tourist girls scrambled down the

which he gazed as intently as if his hope of beaven depended upon seeing through it.

He seemed for the while oblivious to things mundane. A party of laughing, chattering, terrible tourist girls scrambled down the rogged steps, and one by one passed in front of h.m. Neither their presence nor the inquisitive glances they cast on his statuesque face roused him from his fit of abstraction. For a moment I wondered if the boy took opium or some other narcotic on the sly. Full of the thought, I rose, crossed over to him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder. As he felt my touch he came to himself, and looked up at me in a daze i, inquiring way.

"Real y, Carriston," I said, laughingly "you must reserve your dreaming fits until we are in places where tourists do not congregate, or you will be thought a madman, or at least a poet."

He made no reply He turned away from me impatently, even rudely; then, picking

p his brush, went on with his sketch.

After a while he seemed to recover from his pettishness, and we spent the remainder of the day as pleasantly as usual.

As we trudged home in the twilight he aid to me in an apologetic, almost peni-

"I hope I was not rude to you just now?"
"When do you mean?" I asked, having almost forgotten the trivial incident.
"When you woke me from what you called my dreaming."

"Oh, dear no. You were not at all rude. If you had been, it was but the penalty due to my presumption. The flights of genius hould be respected, not checked, by a material hand."

"That is nonsense; I am not a genius: and you must forgive me for my rudeness," said Carriston, simply. After walking some dis-

tance in silence he spoke again:
"I wish when you are with me you would try and stop me from getting into that state. It does me no good."

Seeing he was in earnest, I promised to do my best, and was curious enough to ask him whither his thoughts wandered during those abstracted moments.

"I can scarcely tell you," he said. Presently he asked, speaking with hesitation, "I suppose you never feel that under certain circumstances—circumstances which you cannot explain—you might be able to see things which are invisible to others?"

"To see things? What things?"

"Things, as I said, which no one else can
see. You must know there are people who
possess this power."

"I know that certain people have asserted
they possess what they call second-sight; but
the assertion is too absurd to waste time in

"Yet," said Carriston, dreamily, "I know that if I did not strive to avoid it, some such power would come to me."
"You are too ridiculous, Carriston," I said. "Some people see what others don't,

because they have longer sight. You may, of course, imagine anything. But your eyes—handsome eyes they are, too—contain certain properties, known as humors and lenses, therefore in order to see—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Carriston; "I know exactly all you are going to say. You, a man of science, ridicule everything which

a man of science, ridicule everything which breaks what you are pleased to call the law of nature. Yet take all the unaccountable tales told. Nine hundred and ninety-nine you expose to scorn or throw grave doubts upon, yet the thousandth rests on evidence which cannot be upset or disputed. The possibility of that one proves the possibility of all."

"Not at all; but enough for your argu-

ment," I said, amused at the boy's wild talk.
"You doctors," he continued, with that
delicious air of superiority so often assumed
by laymen when they are in good health,
"put too much to the credit of diseased imagination."
"No doubt; it's a convenient shelf on

which to put a difficulty. But go on."

"The body is your province, yet you can't explain why a cataleptic patient should hear a watch tick when it is placed against his foot."

"Nor you; nor any one. But perhaps it

"Nor you; nor any one. But perhaps it may aid you to get rid of your rubbishing theories if I tell you that catalepsy, as you understand it, is a disease not known to us! in fact. it does not exist."

He seemed crestfallen at hearing this. "But what do you want to prove?" I asked. "What have you seen yourself?"

"Nothing, I tell you. And I pray I may never see anything." After this he seemed inclined to shirk the subject, but I pinned I im to it. I was really anxious to get at the true state of his mind. In answer to the leading questions with which I plied him, Carriston revealed an amount of superstition which seemed utterly tual faculties which he undoubtedly possessed. So much so, that at last I felt more inclined to laugh than to argue with him. Yet I was not altogether amused by his talk. His wild arguments and wilder beliefs made me fancy there must be a weak spot somewhere in his brain-even made me fear lest his end might be madness. The thought made me sad; for, with the exception of the

made me fancy there must be a weak spot somewhere in his brain—even made me fear lest his end might be madness. The thought made me sad; for, with the exception of the eccentricities which I have mentioned. I reckoned Carriston the pleasantest friend I had ever made. His amiable nature, his good looks and perfect breeding had endeared the young man to me; so much so that I resolved, during the remainder of the time we should spend together, to do all I could toward talking the nonsense out of him.

My efforts were unavailing. I kept a sharp lookout upon him, and let him fall into no mysterious reveries; but the curious



I let him fall into no more mysterious reveries.

idea that he possessed, or could possess, some gift above human nature, was too firmly

rooted to be displace! On all other subjects be argued fairly and was open to reason. On this one point be was immovable. When I could get him to notice my attacks at all,

"You doctors, clever as you are with the body, know as little of psychology as you did three thousand years aga."

When the time same for me to fold up my easel and return to the strudgery of life, I parted from Carriston with much regret. One of those solemn, but often broken promises to join together next year in another sketching tour passed between us. Then I went back to London, and during the subsequent months, although I saw nothing of him, I often thought of my friend of the autumn.

(To be reminied.)

LEGAL NOTICES.

DUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of a warrant issued by the Township Committee of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, bearing date the 22d day of July, 1885, to make the unpaid taxes assessed on lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate in said township in the year 1883, the subscriber, Collector of Taxes for the said township will on

WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY-THIRD-DAY OF SEP1EMBER NEXT, at the hour of 2 p.m., at his office in Dodd's building, Glenwood avenue, in said township, sell the lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate hereunder described at public vendue, for the shortest term, not exceeding thirty years, for which any person or persons will agree to take the same, and pay such taxes with the interest thereon, from the 20th day of October, A. D. One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Eighty-three, together with all costs, fees, charges and expenses.

road to Franklin \$14.36

44 Dodd, Reuben N. and Bro., 52
acres, west side Paterson road 80.64

68 Kent, Lyman B., one house, 30
acres, n. J. T. Garabrant, formerly, e. Peter S. Garabrant,
s. Morris Canal, w. J. T. Garabrant, formerly, formerly 58.11

Railroad, e. Cemetery, s. West
Belleville ave. w. Ridgew. ave 154.16

2d. Tract, n. Geo. Mann. or Benson
e. Ridgewood ave. s. Kate V.
Rudd and Benson, w. Benson
DISTRICT NO. 3.

150 Manley, Mrs. Thomas. 1 house,
12 acres, n. side Belleville ave 67.28
158 Monegan, est. Philip, 1 house,
Montgomery st, north side... 13.64
163 Madison, Mrs. Wm. J., 2 lots,
Orchard st., west side...... 4.66
172 O'Conner, Thomas, one house,

Woodland ave., e. Ridgewood ave., s. and w. Kate V. Darwin 134.56

Payment must be made before the conclusion of the sale; otherwise the property will be immediately resold.

The whole amount of tax, interest and cost will be made known on the day of sale.

Witness my hand and seal this 14th day of August, A. D. 1885.

ALEXANDER C. MARR, Collector.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT
Life Insurance Company,

NEWARK, N. J.

LIABILITIES (4 per cent Reserve) - - - 35,857,827 70

SURPLUS (New York Standard) - - - - - - - - - - - 5,411,241 50

AMZIDODD. -

SSETS (Market Values)

- President.

Policies Absolutely Non-Forfeitable After Second year.

IN CASE OF LAPSE the Policy is CONTINUED IN FORCE as long as its value will pay for; or, if preferred, a Faid up Policy for its full value is issued in exchange.

After the third year Policies are INCONTESTABLE, except as against intentional fraud; and all restrictions as to travel or occupation are removed.

CASH LOANS are made to the extent of 50 per cent, of the reserve value.

Foreign Exchange.

LOSSES paid immediately upon completion and approval of proofs.

n. Deiling

774 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Near Market Street.
ISSUE DRAFTS OR MONEY ORDERS FOR

England, Ireland, Scotland, the Continent of Europe.

And all parts of the world.

Letters of Credit for Travelers. All kinds of foreign money exchanged. Trans-Atlantic express.

PASSAGE TICKETS,

Cabin, Intermediate and Steerage, on

CUNARD, WHITE STAR, INMAN, GUION, AN-CHOR, NATIONAL, STATE, NORTH GERMAN LLOYD, RED STAR, And all lines of Ocean Steamers.

CHARLES R. BOURNE,

Printing. STATIONER Fine Blank Books

LITHOGRAPHING AND ENGRAVING.

No. 100 William Street.

Near John St., — NEW YORK.

Stationery sent by Mail or Express to any part

of the United States.

CRANE'S FINE WRITING PAPERS.

C. PARKER,
PHOTOGRAPHER

695 Broad Street,

A. DAY,

BAKER,

Fancy Bread and Cake

COR. GLENWOOD & LINDEN AVES, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Customers Supplied by Wagon Daily. Particular Attention Given to Supplies for Weddings or Parties.

THE

AMERICAN HOUSE,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

At the "CENTRE," Three Minutes' Walk from M. & E. Depot.

The only Hotel in town where firstclass Accommodations and Meals at all hours can be had.

Fine Wines and Liquors, Imported and Domestic Cigars from E. C. Hazard & Co., New York.

Special attention given to Transient Guests.

W. R. COURTER,

PROPRIETOR.

